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NATALE SOLUM,

AND OTHER

POETICAL PIECES;

BY

JOSEPH BRACKENBURY,

OF

BENET COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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PREFACE.

In an age like the present, when Poetry seems to be the talent of every person, and when every week teems with new productions, it is perhaps requisite, that he who offers his effusions to the public eye, should at the same time present it with something like a *prospectus* of his work; and though this may happen to assume an air of *self-criticism,* it can in truth be but apology. It may be questioned, whether any one stands more in need of the clemency of his reader, than he who has attempted to embody his own feelings; if he has succeeded, and his lines are indeed the faithful transcript of his heart, the

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great similarity which pervades human nature, will secure him the approbation of those who can *feel*. Yet even this success will militate against his pretensions to *poetic* fame, with all but the youthful or unlettered; for to the extensive reader, he must appear without the charm of originality, since he must describe emotions coeval with the seasons, and which have already found Poets in every nation, from the days of Sappho and Anacreon, to his own. In a delineation of the heart, too, he will find the ancients occupying the first rank, as far as strong and bold language can avail; he has only, therefore, a chance of succeeding in simplicity or tenderness, with the danger, nay certainty, that his very attempts at these desirable objects will, unless the stamp of the heart is on the piece, render the performance imbecile. The objection that this species of writing must want originality, though it cannot be removed, may be in some measure palliated; for it is one that lies with equal force against descriptions of natural scenery, and Johnson, who is in most cases good authority, asserts in one of the papers of the Adventurer, that rural description fails

not to please, though novelty is banished. Now as this satisfaction undoubtedly results as much from our recollection of what we ourselves have felt, in situations and scenes similar to those described, and from our consciousness of the picture's accuracy, as much as from any skill in the Poet, may it not happen that a description of the effects produced by love or grief, though wanting in originality, may still carry such interest to the bosoms of individuals, as may compensate for the want of this quality; provided, however, that nature has so guided the pen of the writer, that his sentiments may find "an echo in the bosom of his reader?"

In the hope that this observation may appear as just to others as to myself, I have ventured to lay before the public my own feelings on different occasions: Fame I cannot look for, it may be, with any reasonable hopes of success; for even *I* am conscious of many failings, which I know not how to rectify; of designs superior to their execution; while to the eye of candid impartiality, many errors and faults will demand pardon or lenity. My little productions

must, perhaps necessarily, want that solidity and firmness, which may secure to them the praises of futurity; but if, like the flowerets of the spring, they please for their short day, let me not repine that they possess not the durability of the oak. Whatever may be the fate of my lines, it will be some consolation to their Author, that he has not *intentionally* written one, which might draw upon him the censures of the pious, or crimson the face of modesty.

I hope the *seeming* egotism of the following remarks will be forgiven, when it is remembered that they are intended to illustrate my own attempts, not arrogantly to oppose the opinions of another.

It will perhaps be observed in the following compositions, that whatever little merit they possess, no trace of sublimity will be discovered in them. It may also be further remarked, that I have, from whatever cause, confined myself chiefly to *one* topic; for my predilection to the particular subject, which has given rise to most of my smaller poems, it is not my intention to account; for what can it interest the

world to learn the history of an obscure individual: let it then suffice to say, that they have proceeded from a heart, not yet old enough to have forgotten the feelings it attempts to describe, nor base enough to wilfully degrade its muse by the language, in which its effusions are dressed; and lastly, from a heart whose highest ambition will be gratified, if it shall have excited the sympathy, or arrested the attention of its cotemporaries.

Many reasons might perhaps be given for dearth of sublimity, without alleging the extreme difficulty of producing the true sublime, which places it beyond the attainment of most; but I shall content myself with adducing such as appear to me to arise from the nature of my subject—LOVE. Where a description of personal attractions, the bliss of mutual affection, or the plainings of the absent or forsaken, must generally form the chief topics of the song. If *terror* or *obscurity* be among the first causes of the sublime, they are here, I conceive, precluded by the subject, and therefore, attempts at

it must fail of their effect, must degenerate into circumlocution, or burlesque.

No, in speaking of the *passions*, particularly the tender ones, we must remember that they are felt more or less by all; our language ought therefore to contain no far-fetched images, it should speak from the heart alone, for it is "the still small voice" of nature, which is alike heard and understood by the whole human race. Yet though we may debar ourselves of the sublime, there still remain to us things, which, by being more agreeable to the nature of love, are more valuable, pathos and simplicity, qualities which Longinus, the greatest and best of judges, affirms, may exist without sublimity. γὰρ πάθη τινα διερῶτα ὕψους καὶ ταπεῖνα εὑρίσκεται. Nothing can be more sweetly pathetic than Goldsmith's admired song "When lovely woman stoops to folly, &c." yet here we find no grandeur of expression, it is the natural, the affecting, voice of despairing virtue. Our language, more perhaps than any other, abounds with many *such* examples; *one* more I shall instance from Shakespeare, I mean the si-

mile, which follows the words "She never told her love, &c." *both* these passages are beautiful, they please excessively, without letting you stop to inquire the reason, their effect on the mind resembles that produced on it by the contemplation of a fine spring evening, when in the language of Thomson:

> "The sudden tear
> "Surprises often as you look around,
> "And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss."

Both Goldsmith, and Shakespeare, were in a remarkable degree the poets of nature. The latter is said to have possessed a very small share of scholastic learning; and indeed I have observed that many of the poets of our nation, who are not supposed to have been very learned, have eminently succeeded in the simple and pathetic; and this remark applies, with perhaps still greater force and justice, to the Scottish bards; I don't remember ever to have met with lines which more affected me, than the following verses in a song of Ramsay's:

> "O waly, waly, love is bonny,
> "A little while, when it is new;
> "But when its auld, it waxes cauld,
> "And wears awa like morning dew.

" I leant my back unto an aik,
" I thought it was a trusty tree;
" But first it bow'd, and then it brake,
" And so did my fause luve to me.

" It's not the frost that freezes fell,
" Nor blawing snaws inclemency:
" It's not sic cauld can make me cry,
" But my luve's heart grown cauld to me.

" O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
" And shake the green leaves aff the tree:
" Oh! gentle death! when wilt thou come?
" And tak a life that wearies me."

The whole of this song, I think, breathes the voice of misery. I would not however be thought to infer from what I have observed, that *classical* knowledge is by any means a disadvantage necessarily; but I think that in compositions where *naivetè* is required, it frequently renders authors unnatural, by tempting them to hide interesting simplicity, under the glare of quaintness and affectation, or by leading them to allude to customs or ceremonies, which have long ceased to exist. Every one knows that a

beautiful rustic would receive no addition to her charms from the tinsel of courtly attire.

The heart has no leisure to *seek* for finery, when it is desirous of expressing what it strongly feels; it may indeed make use of metaphor, or simile, or other ornaments, which will give energy to its language; but these will be taken, either from the surrounding objects, or from something powerfully and immediately connected with its subject.

It has ever been my endeavour to write as far as possible in conformity with these ideas, and to avoid in every amatory composition, any thing which might seem to savour of pedantry; for I am well aware that "nature's above art in that respect;" how far I have succeeded in this attempt, must be left to the determination of those, who are every way better qualified to judge than I can be.

In writing on any subject, a person generally wishes to propose to himself some model, and if he does this with proper notions, it will be, to use the em-

phatic words of Burns "not for the purpose of servile imitation, but to light his flame at the shrine of the other's genius:" Caledonia's glory has been to me, in this respect, what Ramsay was to him, with this only difference, that he seems to have possessed a double portion of his predecessor's inspiration, and so to have surpassed his model; while I, it may happen, have so little of the *afflatus*, that my reader may thank me for telling him of whose school I wished to be considered a pupil.

Mr. Moore, the justly celebrated translator of Anacreon, appears to me to possess much of the true *vis poetica*, but he has sometimes degraded his muse by the indelicacy of his ideas; ideas the more to be avoided from the seductive eloquence, in which his sentiments are dressed; for, like the thorns of the rose, their danger is concealed by the beauty of the flower and its foliage; or they perhaps still more resemble the fatal vampyre, since like it they lull virtue into a pleasing but treacherous security, while preying on her vitals. Let it not however be thought, that in condemning the moral tendency of these

poems, I wish to depreciate the talents of their author, who in my opinion has excelled in his exquisite touches of nature and tenderness all *amatory* writers, who have gone before him, Burns perhaps only excepted. Of my longer production "Natale Solum," I know not that I have any thing to say, except to express a hope, that any failings may be imputed to *myself*, rather than my subject.

J. BRACKENBURY.

HALTON,
JAN. 20, 1810.

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POEMS.

TO MARY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT VERSES.

YES! toil *is sweet* when beauty's glance,
  Repays with fond approving smile;
And gladly do I hail the *chance*,
  That says my song may please awhile.

Not that I rashly hope for praise,
  Where critics rule, and frown severe;
Enough for me, if simple lays
  Like mine, to sympathy be dear!

Enough, if eyes like Mary's beam,
  As pleas'd they speak *her praises* won;
Enough, if heart so pure, shall deem
  My heart to feel as it has done.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR SISTER JULIET, WHILE STAYING ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST, FOR THE RECOVERY OF HER HEALTH. AUGUST 28, 1808.

'Tis eve, dear girl, and day's last beams
Gleam redly where yon trees entwine;
And gay and glad all nature seems,
All but this heart, which *lives* in thine.

How sweetly does yon latest rose,
With fragrance scent the balmy air;
Yet half its sweets I *feel* I lose,
Since thou its sweetness canst not share!

And fair as now our garden blooms,
Thy cot beside the stormy sea,
(Did winter add his direst glooms)
Would please me more if bless'd by thee!

How faint the gem that decks the thorn,
  To that, which dims affection's eye;
How poor the breath of early morn,
  To that, which wafts affection's sigh!

And are not we my Juliet blest,
  To whom such joys are mutual known;
To whom the cares of either breast
  Are lighter, not being borne *alone?*

But twilight throws its darkest shade,
  Dear sister of my soul adieu!
Yet life's last gleam itself shall fade,
  'Ere I shall cease my love for you.

TO A LADY,

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR "WHY HE SIGHED."

THIS sigh, my girl, that rends my heart,
With many a thought, a foe to gladness;
Dare I the cause to thee impart—
Perchance 'twould dissipate my sadness.

Yet tho' my *tongue* its aid denies,
Nor fault'ring will my suff'rings spell,
Canst thou not, cruel! by mine eyes,
Th' emotions of my bosom tell?

ON SENSIBILITY.

When I meet with a heart, to which *feeling* is dear,
And think on the world where by fortune 'tis cast;
The love that I bear it is clouded by fear,
For its fate when opprest by adversity's blast.

As a beautiful snow-drop, that rears its meek form,
When around it all ruthless the winter winds blow,
Too tender for hardship, must die by the storm,
So the heart which has feeling must sink beneath woe!

But if keen are its sorrows, its *pleasures* are high,
They are social and pure, nor to selfishness known;
To relieve the distress'd, and the tear-drop to dry,
With the union of souls—these are purely its own.

And should such a heart, by that pow'r that can save,
Have the Tomb, as a refuge from cruelty, giv'n;
Like the snow-drop 'twill rise from its earth-bed the grave,
But *its* spring shall be endless—its garden be Heav'n.*

* For this idea I am indebted to a female, to whose worth I have attempted in many of the following lines to do justice; the stanza which contains it was written by her when but 14, and is in my opinion so pretty, that I have ventured to subjoin it, without asking permission of the fair authoress.

" Nature to this sweet op'ning flow'r had given
" A form too tender life's rude storms to bear;
" The hand of death transplanted it to Heav'n,
" And in fresh beauty bade it blossom there."

It was written on a brother, who died aged 20.

"YESTREEN."

A SONG.

THE MUSIC ARRANGED FROM A LESSON OF PLEYELL'S,
BY MISS J. B.

YESTREEN I saw the western sun,
In setting tinge wi' red the billow;
Yestreen I watch'd the waning moon,
Which now shines on my sleepless pillow!

And ah! how dear the hours yestreen,
By me to be forgotten never;
For then I read in Mary's eyne,
That she was mine alane for ever.

Full many a sigh, and tender kiss,
We mingled wi' our last caresses;
And short as were sic hours o' bliss,
I'd slight for them all wealth possesses.

True! tho' 'ere lang I frae my love,
  Must brave the pathless Ocean's danger;
'Mid unknown climes alane to rove,
  My heart shall never be a ranger.

And then thy pensive hour sweet ev'n,
  Shall be to me of hours the dearest;
To call to mind our parting scene,
  Thy tears—thy vows of love, my fairest!

A WISH.

IMPROMPTU.

MAY guardian angels hover o'er thy head,
And fortune show'r her choicest gifts on thee,
When youth's gay seasons are for ever fled,
Oh! may thy eve of life still tranquil be!

ON LEAVING LANGTON.

TO SOME COTTAGERS, WITH WHOM I SPENT MY INFANCY.

ROMANTIC spot! that gave me birth,
From thee with sorrowing steps I go;
Thy artless scenes of harmless mirth,
I change for this world's strife and woe.

Yet trust me, tho' I bid farewell,
Thou still shalt be as dear as ever;
These sighs can more than volumes tell,
My feelings now fate bids us sever.

And O! should fortune e'er allot
To me the pow'r, that riches give;
I'd seek the inmates of that cot,
Where health, and peace, and goodness live.

For tho' unmark'd the humble sphere
  Of those, round whom its white-walls rise;
The heav'nly virtues practis'd there,
  May claim them mansions in the skies!

Their lot "obscure" no arts refine,
  "Fair learning" ne'er their minds has blest;
Yet high they praise that Book divine
  Which Collins "wisely deem'd the best."

Tho' small their means, and scant their store,
  Keen can they feel another's pain;
Not *feel alone*, for at their door,
  Pale want ne'er told its woes in vain!

Let those, who bow at folly's shrine,
  In ostentatious gifts delight;
They know not that the eye divine
  Esteems far more the "widow's mite."

And ye lov'd playmates of my youth,
  Oh! teach me how to bid adieu;
Sincerity and artless truth,
  Perhaps I leave in leaving you.

The years are gone when we could roam,
O'er scenes where youth made all things please;
But will the hours hereafter come,
With joys as pure to equal these?

TO MISS J******.

WHO EXPRESSED SURPRISE THAT A ROSE SHOULD WITHER IN HER SISTER'S BOSOM.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1808.

ONE cause *perchance* that yon fair blossom,
So soon its blooming hues should lose;
Is from the ice, which chills her bosom,
For *frost* will blast the fairest rose.

Another cause may yet be giv'n,
If love's pure flame be glowing *there*;
The flow'r has too much earth for Heav'n,
Nor made celestial fires to bear.

Whate'er it be, I view it dying,
And wish the rose's fate were mine;
That I were on that bosom lying,
That *I* might die at such a shrine.

TO ****.

COMPOSED IN AN EVENING RIDE.

SEPT. 1808.

I MARK'D a streak of glowing red,
Long gild the sun-forsaken west,
And still its cheering beams it shed,
When night the skies around possest.

Ah! thus, my love, when sad I sigh,
For loss of all thy worth refin'd;
A ray like that which gilds yon sky,
Hope sheds to cheer my gloomy mind!

A SONG.

DECEMBER 5, 1808.

YON candle throws its trembling light,
  To guide me cross "the trackless moor;"
In vain the black'ning shades of night,
  Oppose my steps to Mary's door!

In vain the eddying torrent boils,
  In vain the snow-clad marsh is nigh;
A rich reward awaits my toils—
  One kindly glance from Mary's eye.

Her window is my guiding star,
  While round me drifts the dazzling snow;
And fierce upon each rocky scar,
  I hear the bitter night-wind blow.

Let others dread the ruthless storm,
  I ask no aid from glaring day;
Since love shall keep my bosom warm,
  And cheer me on my darksome way.

For where yon wav'ring taper shines,
  Soon lock'd in *chaste* love's faithful arms;
I'll scorn the wealth of India's mines,
  Rich in my Mary's matchless charms.

TO MARY,

WHEN ABSENT.

THO' all unconscious of my sighs,
Far, far away, my love, thou art;
Thou dwell'st a phantom in mine eyes,
An inmate of my beating heart.

There rul'st with love's despotic sway,
Whether thy absence claims a tear;
Or should thy virtues prompt my lay,
They all are deep recorded *there*.

SONG.

TUNE—"FANNY WAS IN THE GROVE, &c."

I'VE mark'd the lily's hue,
I've mark'd the bloom of the rose;
But the girl I *once* knew,
Was fairer still than those.

CHORUS.

Oh! how oft will mem'ry's pow'rs,
Recall to mind departed hours!

I've seen the morning sky,
Its dyes are brilliant and gay;
Her charms—as bright in my eye,
Were alas! as transient as they.
Oh! how oft will, &c.

The wind blows from the north,
And sweeps the flow'rs of the field;
Alike too guilt and worth,
To death must shortly yield.
Oh! how oft, &c.

Her heart was all my own,
I look'd to many a year;
How soon is pleasure flown,
In autumn I wept o'er her bier.
Oh! how oft, &c.

The spot where she is laid,
I strew with many a flow'r;
I weep o'er their sweets as they fade,
I weep that my Fanny's no more.
Oh! how oft will mem'ry's pow'rs,
Recall to mind departed hours.

LINES,

WRITTEN WHEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MELANCHOLY.

GAY youth may exult in the pride of its morning,
As the lamb loves to sport on its flowery mead;
No cares for the present, all future ones scorning,
But woe *may* depress, as the meek lamb may bleed!

And tho' slaughter await the unconscious creation,
Their doom unexpected, their lives they resign;
While the heart's diappointments, the heart's palpitation,
And millions of evils proud youth must be thine.

Nay oft while the heart is expanding with pleasure,
The hour ev'n of love may be dash'd with a sigh;
If reflection should tell you, tho' dear is the treasure,
The hour fast is fleeting, and sorrow is nigh.

That the hand, which now thrills with *responsive* emotion,
Will soon from thy touch be departed and gone;
That the eye, which *now* answers thine eyes fond devotion,
Must leave thee in tears for the glance that is flown.

That *now* tho' each heart seems its kindred heart meeting,
The moment approaches that calls for adieu!
And absence may cease to remember the beating
Of his bosom, who vow'd *he* would ever be true.

But let youth exult in the pride of his morning,
And seize on each pleasure, 'ere pleasure is o'er;
No cares for the present, all future ones scorning,
Since the moments may come when nought shall please more.

SONG

OF A HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

WHEN wild were the winds, and a' mirky the sky,
And far frae a' shelter I've seen the night fa;
For mysel' tho' I car'd na, I could na but sigh,
When I thought what *she* felt, wham I'd left far awa'.

For I knew wi' what anguish she'd put up the prayer,
As aft' as she look'd thro' the thick-falling snaw,
That Heaven in pity her true-love wad spare,
And guard and protect him while frae her awa'.

In simmer's mild eve as I've sat by the stream,
And heard thro' the willows the saft zephyrs blaw;
And seen on the waters the tremulous beam,
Which play'd on the casement of her wha's awa'.

Tho' my comrades were pleas'd wi' sa luvely a sight,
  Fu' fast frae my eyes wad the briny tears fa';
For it only recall'd to my mem'ry the night,
  When they tore me frae her, who is far, far awa'.

Nae winter has terrors, nae simmer has charms,
  To the heart which for a' but *one* object cares na';
And the hour alone will be dear, when these arms
  Enfauld in their clasp the sweet girl wha's awa'.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A GROVE BELONGING TO RAITHBY-HALL, LINCOLNSHIRE, THE SEAT OF R. C. BRACKENBURY, ESQ. AUGUST 22, 1808.

——— κάλον τὸ δένδρον.
Ἁπαλὰς σείει δὲ χαίτας
Μαλακωτάτῳ κλαδίσκῳ·
Παρὰ δ' αὐτῷ γ' ἐρεθίζει
Πηγὴ ῥέουσα Πειθοῦς.
Τίς ἂν οὖν ὁρῶν παρέλθοι
Καταγώγιον τοιοῦτον; ———

ANACREON, ODE 22.

YES, Raithby! in thy darkling grove
One scene of bliss has been my lot;
One hour, *one little* hour, of love,
Too dearly sweet to be forgot!

Bright sparkling in the solar gleams,
  Thy stilly waves roll'd softly by;
Bright tho' they were, still brighter beams
  Were playing in my true-love's eye!

There, tho' in beauty bloom'd the rose,
  Enliv'ning solitude's deep shade;
How faint its tint to that, which glows
  On the dear cheek of my lov'd maid!

Soft in the breeze the branches play,
  And zephyrs lull the soul to rest;
Soft as an infant's sighs are they,
  But harsh to those, which heave her breast!

Sweet spot, farewell! may no rude storm
  O'erwhelm in ruins dire thy grove;
'Till oft again it shade the form,
  The graceful form of her I love!

ON LEAVING A ——— Y.

TO MISS ———

LAST night as reluctant I turn'd from your door,
Tho' keen beat the rain, and loud whistled the blast;
Believe me I scarce heard the tempest's hoarse roar,
My mind was absorb'd in the thoughts of the past.

And tho' bitter the wind, yet I dreaded no harm,
Nor could light'nings blue glare in my breast raise a fear;
For my heart with your friendship was thoroughly warm,
And no other feeling found ent'rance there.

But, as lonely I journey'd, I mentally said,
Should ever misfortune assail with its dart;
May friendship her shield of protection thus spread,
And guard from its power her votaries heart!

SONG.

When cruel doubtings rend the breast,
  The fate unknown of those we love;
No art can soothe our woes to rest,
  No joys our sorrows can remove!

The victim of suspense and care,
  Soon finds her boasted beauties lost;
As flow'rs that scent the vernal air,
  Oft perish by an April frost!

LINES

ON MY DEAREST BROTHER, WHO DIED ON BOARD THE POULETTE, 1805.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene;———

HOR. xxiv. Ode, Lib. i.

When thou did'st leave me, Brother, my sad heart
Sunk as it felt its better half were gone!
And when at last, in distance lost, thou vanish'dst,
Fancy thy dear lov'd image held before me,
And so engross'd my soul, that each sad truth
Awhile was banish'd, and I seem'd to feel
The recent friendly pressure of thy hand!
But from me soon the dear delusion fled;

And when I turn'd my lonely footsteps home,
How comfortless I felt—yet in that woe
A beam of pleasure shot athwart my mind,
And for a moment chas'd the lurid gloom,
That press'd with dark'ning horror on my heart:
I *fondly* hop'd, that thy mourn'd absence past,
Again thy native hamlet might receive thee.
Vain was the thought; but Heav'n, supremely kind,
Hid in the book of fate thy early doom:
Or could our fondness e'er have borne to think,
That all thy manly firmness, sense, and truth,
Would so soon meet th' embraces of the tomb;
Or that a heart, which ev'ry virtue warm'd,
And where enthron'd, each filial *impulse* rul'd,
Should so *soon* feel the icy hand of death:
Alas! far other thoughts possess'd our souls.
Oft have I, when the midnight tempest howl'd,
Sigh'd as I thought that thou must feel its pow'r,
Expos'd to all the horrors of the storm!
And when the joyful tidings reach'd my ears,
That safe from storms and foes thou'sdt reach'd the shore,
And would'st revisit once again thy home,
How has my heart leap'd with exulting joy!

And how I've counted o'er the ling'ring hours,
Thinking each hour an age 'till I beheld thee;
'Till at the last chill disappointment came,
And froze each sanguine hope, that warm'd my breast.

A VERSIFICATION

OF PART OF THE CXXXIX PSALM.

FROM Thee, all soul, all active mind,
  Oh whither shall thy servant fly;
Or where shall I a refuge find,
  To hide me from thy searching eye.

If to the highest Heav'n I soar,
  Thy radiant presence still is near;
If murky hell unfold her door,
  Thy powerful sway is dreaded *there*.

If, mine the wings of balmy morn,
  I fondly seek the farthest wave;
My soul by thy right hand upborne,
  Shall find thee there to guide and save!

Or should I shun the chearful beam,
  And court the aid of night's dark sway;
E'en there thy awful glories stream,
  And flash around me brightest day.

To Thee on thy refulgent throne,
  Appear alike our day and night;
No change to thy Omniscience known,
  Wrapt in one endless blaze of light!

LINES TO MRS. GRANT,

AFTER READING HER "LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS."

"Sensibility how charming,
"Thou, my friend, can'st truly tell;
"But *distress* with horrors arming,
"Thou hast also known too well.

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
"Finer feelings can bestow,
"Chords that vibrate sweetest measure,
"Thrill the deepest notes of woe!"

BURNS to Mrs. Dunlop.

WHEN cold in the grave lies that fine feeling bosom,
Which afflictions it could not *relieve* could deplore;
When sighs for the bud, "and mild tears for the blossom,"
Shall cease where harsh sorrow is heard of no more.

Then haply, if souls in felicity dwelling,
Regard earthly spirits from mansions divine;
Thou may'st know with what rapture this bosom is swelling,
As proudly I think it congenial to thine.

I've wander'd with thee by the Bromach, rude dashing,
With thee have mourn'd over Glencoe's hapless doom;
Have seen on Orch's waters the beams of morn flashing,
And wept, whilst thou knelt, at affliction's drear tomb.

Yet the tear I have check'd, as it tremblingly started,
To mark thy firm soul with fresh energy rise;
When bent by thy woes, and well nigh broken hearted,
Thou look'd for relief from that soul's native skies!

Adieu! and when quiet to *me* shall be giv'n,
Where the sinners "cease troubling," the weary find rest,
Our souls may *assimilate* closer in Heav'n,
If sympathy heightens the joys of the blest.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

FLOW faster yet, ye bitter tears,
Nor cease to dim my humid eye;
Since weeping this lorn bosom cheers,
Flow 'till your very source be dry.

For when stern fate, with hand unkind,
Has destin'd love-bound hearts to sever;
The poor divided left behind,
Will surely die to joy for ever.

Yet tho', Ophelia, thou art gone
To tread the azure vaults of Heav'n;
The wish for thee, which prompts my moan,
May sure by mercy be forgiv'n.

As oft' we see the gaudy flow'r,
  Its short-liv'd beauty quickly loses;
Just blooms perchance for one poor hour,
  Yet sweets its wither'd leaf discloses.

So thou, we fondly hop'd, sweet maid,
  Out living all the blaze of beauty;
Might, when old age thy charms should fade,
  Have shone a pattern of each duty.

But as the vocal bird of spring,
  From pole to pole the year attending,
Upborne on an unwearied wing,
  Enjoys a verdure never ending:

So, sweet Ophelia, Heav'n ordain'd,
  That thou, thy mortal dwelling scorning;
Should'st spurn the chords that kept thee chain'd,
  And soar to realms of endless morning.

SONG.

TUNE—"LUBIN IS AWAY."

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When she "we lov'd" was nigh;
'Tis sad to miss the glance that shone
So sweetly in her eye.

Alone I seek the well-known lane,
Where late I lov'd to stray;
But nature blooms to me in vain,
"Now Mary is away."

At eve, amid the festive throng,
All hearts seem gay but mine;
For ah! how dull is wit or song,
To those, who inly pine!

The hour that brings to others rest,
To me brings nought but care;
I look for peace within my breast,
And find all dreary there.

SONG.

THE lark soar'd above me, and fresh the gale blew,
And sweet was the morn 'ere the sun mounted high;
Mild open'd the rose, the grass sparkled with dew,
But the gale sunk at noon, and the rose seem'd to die!

A like morn, O! pure, has my early youth known,
All around me seem'd smiling, each prospect was fair;
But the mid-day of manhood scarce reach'd, they were flown,
And the morning so brilliant, o'erclouded with care.

I lov'd, and my Anna's affections *seem'd* mine,
And many's the fond dream of bliss I had form'd:
Too fondly, alas! and those dreams I resign,
Since the bond of affection her falsehood deform'd.

Yet oft' the deceiver has vow'd how she lov'd,
While my heart could not dream one so dear could decoy;
She was twin'd round that heart, and too sadly has prov'd,
That love, like the ivy, may cling to destroy.

TO MARY.

October 28, 1808.

When late my Mary's form I saw,
The corn was waving ripe and yellow;
But now the leaves forsake each *straw*,
And frost begins the sloe to mellow.

The sun shines through the leafless grove,
And sparkles on the streamlet's water;
Along its rhime-crisp'd banks I rove,
But miss my girl where oft' I've sought her.

How sad the woods we us'd to trace,
When wild flow'rs in our walks were springing;
And stillness mark'd love's hallow'd place,
Save where the wanton birds were singing.

For now upon the naked spray,
  The rain-fowl lonely notes is shrieking;
And Mary dear, as thou'rt away,
  My widow'd heart seems well nigh breaking!

SONG.

No more the clangs of martial arms
  My soul to valiant actions move;
Since vanquish'd by thy powerful charms,
  It owns itself subdued by love.

Where now is all that war-like ire,
  That steel'd 'gainst pity's self this breast?
'Tis fled before love's fiercer fire,
  As heat's by greater heat suppress.

NV

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BROW OF A HILL, WHICH OVERLOOKS THE VALE OF PARTNEY, LINCOLN.

WHERE ruddy evening's soften'd beam
Does on yon distant casement shine,
Thou dwell'st, my muse's sweetest theme,
Whom plighted vows have long made mine.

And soon as night's pale queen shall smile
Upon each gem of chrystal dew,
This valley cross'd—the wonted stile
Shall find me to appointment true.

Since thou, when sunk that glaring ray,
Wilt cross yon grove in anxious fear;
Nor shalt thou chide my lingering stay,
For I will eager meet thee there.

When to thy faithful arms I fly,
  No eye our chaste embrace shall see;
While soft as twilight's gentlest sigh,
  I whisper all my vows to thee.

And while these arms shall clasp thee, love,
  Thy sighs shall seem a seraph's tone;
And I will prize our leafy grove,
  Far, far beyond a monarch's throne.

And dearest, 'ere tow'rds home I stray,
  I'll swear by many a parting kiss,
When night again shall chace the day,
  Again I'll haste to thee and bliss!

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT:

Being a slight attempt to praise Sir Sidney Smith, whose worth is indeed above eulogium; and who must himself be in possession of the applause sweetest to a reflecting mind—the applause of a good conscience.*

His white crest waves 'mid clouds of smoke,
His arms flash rays of gloomiest light;
The mightiest fall beneath his stroke,
The proudest shun the Red-Cross Knight.

* The above stanzas allude to his gallant conduct at Acre, when part of the famous army of Italy was *nine* times beaten off from their attack, on a wall *not* cannon-proof. The *cross*, made up chiefly of rubies, and formerly presented to the church at Cyprus, by our Richard I. was on this occasion given to Sir S. S. by the Patriarch of the place.

And mark his dread eye's glancing flame,
  See penetration on his brow;
France trembles at the Hero's name,
  Who soil'd, and laid her laurels low.

By Acre's well defended wall,
  'Mid England's chiefs the warriour stood,
Beneath his might her legions fall,
  And stain Philistia's plains with blood.

Nerv'd is the mighty chieftain's hand
  By those, who Richard's standard bore;
And panic struck, Italia's band,
  Shall own their prowess is no more.

The spirits of the mighty dead,
  Soldiers of Him who rules the sky,
Shall shield the dauntless warriour's head,
  Direct his arm, and fire his eye!

Be his the Cross, that once was worn
  On lion-hearted Richard's arms;
Though braver heart was never born,
  As brave, at least, SMITH's bosom warms.

Rightly *he* wears Christ's badge divine,
Whose laws are on his bosom graven;
And well may prize that glorious sign,
Which angel-hosts revere in Heav'n.

ABOAN.

A TALE.

Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat luna sereno,
Inter minora sidera.

HORACE, Epode xv.

'TWAS night! and the day's noisy bustle was ended,
And soothing to sorrow appear'd the *still* scene;
For high in the Heav'ns the moon had ascended,
And bright shone her rays on the dew-spangled green.

Oh! still was the night, tir'd nature reposing,
No sounds could be heard, save the murmuring spray;
With the breeze gently shaking, and dimly disclosing
Its dun-colour'd verdure to Cynthia's ray.

When Aboan wander'd, by peace long forsaken,
  He felt not refresh'd by the evening gale;
For nothing could bliss in *his* bosom awaken,
  Or still the reflections, which bade him bewail.

Since far, very far, was his own native dwelling,
  Where jocund he'd pass'd his life's innocent morn;
For white men, humanity's dictates repelling,
  From all he held dear had poor Aboan torn!

Six lingering moons from their bright lustre waning,
  Had pass'd since he gaz'd on his dear native shore;
Nor hope had the captive, of freedom regaining,
  Or e'er of beholding his relatives more!

" Oh! sad is my fate, I'm abandon'd to sorrow!"
  The captive exclaim'd, " and no more will I view
" The sun's hateful beams, when he rises to-morrow,
  " My woes and my suff'rings again to renew."

" Dear parents, adieu! from base slavery flying,
  " My manacled limbs I for ever set free;
" Since fate *here* all happiness sternly denying,
  " Has you, and my Adelaide, sever'd from me!"

'Twas done:—at the name of his Adelaide starting!
Each fond recollection his bosom opprest;
And wild! from an o'er-hanging precipice darting,—
He sunk in the loud roaring ocean to rest!

SONG.

TUNE—"SHEPHERDS I HAVE LOST MY LOVE."

CHEERLESS speeds with those the day,
  Who're by sorrow shaken;
Sad the soul, *once* always gay,
  If by hope forsaken.

Gladly does the heart forlorn,
  Hail night's shades descending;
Ev'ry woe, by which 'tis torn,
  Sleep awhile suspending.

But the cheek must cease to bloom,
  Eyes to beam for ever,
Should the cold relentless tomb
  Plighted true-love sever.

But when I seek to praise thy *mind*,
  There, there I fail, thy worth to prove;
'Tis gen'rous, noble, keen, refin'd,
  'Tis gentle, mild, 'tis THAT I love:

Thy *person* is the casket fair,
  Which nature for that mind has giv'n;
Fools can but on the *casket* stare,
  Nor know it shrines a gem from Heav'n!

TO THE SAME.

FEBRUARY 18, 1809.

SHOULD light'nings fire the murky air,
Or tempests lash the whit'ning billow;
This heart should feel thy influence there,
Thy dear idea soothe my pillow.

If sorrows strew with thorns life's way,
To Heav'n's decrees myself resigning;
I'd on thy bosom's fondness stay,
Too blest in thee for vain repining.

For what could light with joy this brow,
Tho' all that man desires possessing;
If fate, my love, had doom'd that thou
Could'st not by sharing crown each blessing.

To thee, my ev'ry vow of love
  Was breath'd, as at the sacred altar;
And still I swear by *Him* above,
  In death my tongue those vows should falter.

But fondly hope expects the hour,
  When hand and heart shall both be giv'n;
And I possess the richest dow'r,
  The choicest gift of bounteous Heav'n.

ON LEAVING CAER-PHILLY,

IN WALES, 1807.

WHEREVER in future a stranger I wander,
Tho' cheerful may be the gay scenes that I view;
I shall not forget with sad pleasure to ponder,
On joys which I left, sweet Caer-Philly, with you.

Fresh beauties thy vallies were ever disclosing,
And gay on thy mountains the green forests grew;
In each bosom contentment seem'd fond of reposing,
And only left *mine* when I bade thee adieu!

Nor Molly, shall feminine beauty entrancing,
With ringlets of auburn, and eyes beaming blue;
Combin'd with a soul, each perfection enhancing,
Efface from my breast the fair image of you.

For fair was thy face, and thy person how charming,
  And wing'd by thy presence the swift moments flew;
Yet tho' by thy beauty each youthful heart warming,
  Thy bosom no thoughts of impurity knew.

Then I, when I saw thee, if cares I had any,
  Like the days of my youth, they were transient and few;
But it may be, the years may in future be many,
  'Ere again I am blest by affection so true.

SONG.

WHERE *Idris** rears his lofty head,
And proudly emulates the skies;
Where scarce is heard a mortal tread,
And where e'en vegetation dies;

The wand'rer many an hour beguiles,
Allur'd by nature's rudest charms;
And 'mid the dreary landskip smiles,
If heav'nly love his bosom warms.

* The mountain Cader Idris, in North Wales.

Tho' round the mountains shaggy side
  The misty exhalations play;
And rolling clouds in darkness hide,
  The world beneath, and cheerful day.

To him such scenes more strongly prove,
  The heart can never stoop to fear;
The manly heart, if powerful love
  Hold undivided empire there.

SONG.

"Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing,"
Round the ship the dark waves roar;
Distant now its streamers flowing,
Straining sight avails no more!

E'en its path upon the ocean,
Quickly must for ever fade;
Waves on waves in constant motion,
Waste the track its keel had made.

But tho' waves, like sand unstable,
Give each new impression place;
Time and absence prove unable,
Friendship from the soul to chase.

On youthful hearts where friendship's seated,
  Years may try their pow'r in vain;
Seals impress'd on wax when heated,
  Time but makes more firm remain.

IMITATION

OF "PONE ME PIGRIS, &c."

HORACE.

PLACE me upon those blacken'd plains,
Where groves ne'er feel the zephyr's sigh;
Or where o'erwhelm'd by endless rains,
No sun-beam cheers the louring sky.

I care not, since where'er I rove,
(The lonely moments to beguile),
Fancy should soothe my absent love,
With Mary's voice, her artless smile.

TRANSLATION

OF MELEAGER'S VERSES TO HIS WIFE, FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

THO' in the grave my soul's laid low,
Those tears which fell in vain to save,
Shall *still* bespeak my bosom's woe,
And dew my Heliodora's grave.

Affection's floods shall dim these eyes,
Libations fondly shed to prove;
That Meleager's torn heart lies,
In that dark tomb which hides his love!

But *heeded* death affection's tear,
  Her op'ning bloom had 'scap'd his pow'r;
He had not snatch'd her to her bier,
  Nor soil'd with dust the fairest flow'r.

Yet hear thou, sacred earth, my pray'r:
  With flow'rets let the spot be drest;
Where lowly lies my bosom's care,
  Soft folded to thy icy breast.

IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN, AND SENT TO GRAY, BY WEST.

UPON a river's bank, at play,
A lovely boy I lately spied;
But soon the faithless bank gave way,
And plung'd him in the glassy tide!

With light'ning's speed the mother flew,
Fear in each haggard look exprest;
Swift from the wave her boy she drew,
And clasp'd him dying to her breast.

As soft on that dear breast he lies,
His soul just quiv'ring on its flight,
Once as from sleep he rais'd his eyes,
Then clos'd them in eternal night!

SONG.

THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

OP'NING spring, (without emotion,)
Pouring all its sweets I see;
Since more fickle than the ocean,
Thou my love art false to me.

Could thy love, so vow'd at parting,
Vanish swift as morning dreams;
Were the tears that then were starting,
Like April show'rs, and April beams?

Round my head when winds were raving,
Fancy dwelt upon thy charms;
In fiercest battle, love seem'd saving
William for his Lucy's arms.

Now to *hope* and fears a stranger,
  Soon again I tempt the wave;
Lost to thee, I'll seek each danger,
  Seek my only rest—the grave!

Coral rocks shall form my pillow,
  Long and sound my rest shall be;
Undisturbed by the billow,
  Undisturb'd by perfidy.

Then farewell hopes, so false, so fleeting,
  Sweet girl! still too much lov'd, adieu!
But when this heart ceases beating,
  Will any beat for thee so true?

LINES TO MISS ******.

NOT oft'ner does the murd'rer's dream,
  Appal him with his victim's cry;
Than night presents the lucid beam,
  I each day witness in thine eye!

Ah! only *then*, its brilliant glance,
  Seems not my ardent gaze to flee;
For when morn dissipates my trance,
  That eye seems turn'd on *all* but me.

In vain to chase unceasing woe,
  Does prudence bid me shun its ray;
I *feel* I want the pow'r to go,
  So welcome death, alas! and stay.

The warblers fate I seem to prove,
  Which caught by fascination's eye;
Depriv'd of ev'ry pow'r to move,
  Must gazing on its murd'rer die!

TO MISS P***.

" Tell her that's young,
" And shuns to have her graces spied;
" That hadst thou sprung
" In desarts, where no men abide,
" Thou must have uncommended died!"

WALLER'S Ode with a Rose.

SAY, shall the maid who shuns the sight,
Of every gazer's wondering eye:
Who, short as is the poor delight
A look can give, will that deny:
Who careless hears each pensive sigh,
A silent pleader from the heart;
Who marks unmoved, health's colours fly,
Shall *she* escape love's keenest dart?

No! retribution's vengeful hand,
  Shall one day heavy ou her fall;
Tho' long she slight love's magic wand,
  She yet shall hail him "Lord of all!"
His power her heart shall still enthral,
  O'er all her senses gently steal;
And conscious mem'ry oft recal,
  The pangs she once bade others feel.

E'en thou, dear maid, who o'er this lay,
  Now coldly bend'st the eye of scorn,
May'st own, nor distant far the day,
  Thy noon more genial than thy morn;
But oh! may ne'er thy heart be torn,
  With half the grief it bids mine prove,
Nor e'er thy gentle bosom worn,
  With wasting woe, or hopeless love.

And trust me that the rose's glow,
  The hair of jet, the eye of fire;
The brow which shames the mountain snow,
  Were giv'n creation to admire!

Ne'er could the poet's tuneful lyre,
  Devote to love its sweetest strain,
Did every nymph like thee retire,
  And nature pour her gifts in vain!

Shun then, no more, my lovely fair!
  Each fond admirer's ardent gaze;
To *all* is giv'n the vital air,
  To *all* the sun imparts his rays;
Adieu! and tho' far distant strays
  Thy *nameless bard*, he'll think on thee,
Thy charms shall often prompt his lays,
  And thou his chief inspirer be!

TO MISS *****.

DEAR Mary! once again, adieu!
In pity look not thus on me;
Or with that mild eye's azure hue,
Thou'lt fix *my* endless gaze on thee.

Then turn thy glowing cheek away,
Nor sad despair's wild influence prove;
For it may force me to betray,
The secret of my hopeless love!

And since by fate we're doom'd to part,
I would not have thee, maiden dear,
Feel *half* the sorrows of this heart,
Nor *guess* the grief that rankles there.

Perchance affection's hopeless woe,
  Might cloud awhile thy brow so bright;
Or in thy bosom pure as snow,
  Some mutual sparks of love excite.

'Twere doubly dreadful then to pine,
  And bid adieu to joy for ever;
To know that thou would'st have been mine,
  Had cruel fate not made us sever.

Then turn from me that glowing cheek,
  'Ere yet thou know'st my love for thee;
And while in vain for peace *I* seek,
  Thou shalt not feel one pang for me!

ON SLEEP.

TO THE SAME.

OH! sleep! that to my wearied head,
A rest from care wast wont to bring;
Where is that cheering influence fled,
That 'erst attended on thy wing?

If o'er my Mary's closing eyes,
Thy downy pinions now impend;
Far from her bosom chace those sighs,
Which love creates our peace to rend.

And if with thee the pleasing dream,
Which oft' repaints the scenes long past;
Should make my Mary fondly seem,
To mourn the hour *we* parted last.

Tell her that *he*, her fancy mourns,
Will ever in her absence pine;
And that the love with which he burns,
He'll never but with life resign.

TO THE SAME,

ON MY RETURN TO HALTON.

I OFT' have met th' endearing smile,
  Of friends belov'd, with heart-felt pleasure;
And separation for awhile,
  Has taught me more to prize the treasure.

But now I feel, and scarce know why,
  Less rapture at the thoughts of meeting;
And when alone the pensive sigh,
  Is ever from my bosom fleeting.

And oft' I've cheer'd the lonely hour,
  By thoughts of pleasures known before;
Now sad ideas my soul o'erpow'r,
  To think those joys return no more.

It cannot surely e'er be deem'd,
  That fickle, I am fond of roving;
Or that those friends I *once* esteem'd,
  I've ceas'd (without a cause) from loving.

No! no! my heart shall still prove true
  To those its dearest love possessing;
And did but Mary meet my view,
  How warmly should it own each blessing.

TO MISS E. W.

ONCE the christalliz'd dew, sweetest balm of the morning,
Could dissipate sorrow, and gladness restore;
While the bright-rising sun nature's beauties adorning,
Serv'd to light me to Betsy the maid I adore.

And oft' have I lov'd thro' the dark thicket straying,
To mark thro' twin'd wood-bines his sparkling rays;
A moment, the meeting so wish'd for delaying,
To hear the wood-choiristers warble their lays.

At eve when the day's burning fervor was over,
How sweet 'twas to rove thro' yon green shady lane;
While the girl that was all to her fond-favor'd lover,
Would listen with him to the nightingale's strain.

But the christalliz'd drops from the bent grass depending,
  Have lost all their charms, and their beauties are o'er;
And unheeded by me is the sun's course ascending,
  For he views me, alas! with my Betsy no more!

And now thro' the thicket my daily path tracing,
  Each tender endearment recurs to my mind;
While far from my bosom all other thoughts chasing,
  Nought pleasing, save Betsy's lov'd image, I find.

And still too at night-fall I pensively wander,
  And *lonely* my walk thro' the green lane pursue;
For sadly the heart on past pleasures will ponder,
  When it feels they are *pleasures* it ne'er can renew.

SONG.

TUNE—"MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET."

THE snow was drifting fast yestreen,
The howling winds around me blew;
And while the sleet was sharp and keen,
The dearest maid I bade adieu!

As at the door her hand I prest,
Her eyes with love and pity shone;
And sorrow wrung her gentle breast,
The night's fell horrors half unknown!

No star appear'd my steps to guide,
My horse nigh yielded to the storm;
And chill'd beneath the blast I'd died,
But love sustain'd my sinking form.

I thought upon her beaming eye,
  I thought on bliss so *lately* past;
And tho' I heav'd the trembling sigh,
  I dreaded not the biting blast!

Her image play'd around my heart,
  And bade me hold my life more dear;
Nor could e'en home itself impart,
  That wish to live *she* planted there.

The soul may mount with rosy wine,
  Or glory raise thy bosom's swell;
But oh! the bliss that's most divine,
  The lover's tongue alone can tell!

SONG,

WRITTEN AT MABLETHORPE, ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST.

MUSIC BY MISS J. B. B———.

I VIEW the sea with tranquil eye,
  But 'tis a look of *saddest* pleasure;
It roll'd the same when thou wast by,
  When thou wast by, my bosom's treasure!

These clouds that throw their passing shade,
  Along the blue expanse of ocean;
Are like my thoughts on thee, dear maid,
  Which tinge with gloom each gay emotion!

These sands have lost our footstep's trace,
  Where *late* we view'd the sun declining;
But from this bosom what can chase,
  Thy imag'd form in beauty shining!

TO MARY,

WITH A MINIATURE PICTURE,

Go lifeless form to her I love!
And while her gaze is turn'd on thee;
Here bid each fonder feeling rove,
And every sigh be given to me!

Oh! could thy tints but right pourtray,
This heart to hers who bids it sigh;
I think each look would then betray,
The softest truest sympathy!

Would say, the heart her image warms,
Which lives but in its cherish'd flame;
Will find elysium in her arms,
And glory in the husband's name.

And if there stole a pensive tear,
  When aught disturb'd her guileless breast;
Would say her very griefs are dear,
  To him who'd die to make her blest.

But go, I envying bid thee go,
  To her, sole object of my care;
And what thy painting fails to show,
  May these imperfect lines declare.

TO THE SAME.

When the beautiful day has forsaken the sky,
And twilight mild ushers the stillness I love;
Then, Langton, thy scen'ry awakens the sigh,
In a bosom as drear as the shades of thy grove.

Yet I love 'mid thy walks at the gloamin to stray,
When the noise of thy village in murmurs I hear;
Since my fancy then wanders to her who's away,
And my dreams, tho' delusive, to mis'ry are dear!

I can picture her form 'till my fanciful mind,
Will make me imagine my Mary I see;
But alas! when reflection returns, I but find
That illusions alone have been busy with me.

How I envy the birds as they wing their way home,
And noisily seem to rejoice in the air;
Their mates are with them, but as homewards I roam,
How cheerless I find it, since Mary's not there!

TO THE SAME.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1808.

NOVEMBER winds were howling wild,
When first thou on thy father smil'd;
Nor mark'd his lov'd unconscious child
The tempest's roar,
It might have been the breathings mild
Of May's sweet hour.

Thy cradle was thy mother's arm,
Soft shield from ev'ry wintry harm,
And we beheld thy infant form
Like some sweet rose;
Which oft' in autumn's ruthless storm,
Still faintly blows.

Since those keen blasts around thee howl'd,
  Thy op'ning blossoms to unfold,
Just twenty years have o'er thee roll'd,
  This very day;
And nature us'd her fairest mould,
  We all must say.

And well her lib'ral hand design'd,
  That face, where ev'ry charm combin'd,
Speaks as an index to the mind,
  Which rules the whole:
Tho' e'en thy *face alone* might bind
  The coldest soul.

For me with honest pride I own,
  Soon as my Mary *thou* wast known,
I would have brav'd a *monarch's* frown,
  For smiles of thine;
Since all my bosom's peace was flown,
  'Till they were mine.

And faithful *now*, I fondly swear,
Thy mother held thee not more dear,
That hour, when first thy smiles did cheer
Her languid eye!
Than I, who ever seem to hear
Thy parting sigh!

TO THE SAME,

ON PARTING.

When clasp'd to this fond aching heart,
  My farewell tears with thine I mingle;
I ask my love if souls *can* part,
  Or 'twin'd like ours feel bliss when single.

Can I mistrust that filling eye,
  When on thy faithful bosom leaning;
Can I mistake that tenderest sigh?
  No! long tried love explains their meaning.

They tell me when thy true-love's roving,
  And thinks the world a waste for thee;
Fond as his heart will be *thy* loving,
  Changeless as fate thy constancy.

Forgive, my life, such childish tears,
  They fall that we so soon must sever;
Forgive, my soul, these doubting fears,
  Is not the *future* darksome ever?

Yet mem'ry oft' shall smiling bring,
  Each little look, each word endearing;
Of joy the sweetest, surest spring,
  Of gloomy woe the balm most cheering.

TO THE SAME.

When night in darkness veils the skies,
And care enjoys oblivion sweet;
Perchance the soul enraptur'd flies,
With some congenial soul to meet!

And freed from earth's corporeal sway,
May wing its flight beyond our sphere;
Where to its pure and visual ray,
The shades of those it loves appear.

Then those whom envious seas divide,
If thus the spirit wends its flight;
May thro' the dreary vacuum glide,
And swifter than a thought unite.

Then, Mary, sooth'd by fancy's dream,
I more than mortal bliss may know;
May see thine eyes with mildness beam,
Thy cheek with sweetest blushes glow.

With thee, oh! dearest, loveliest maid,
Again may fondly seem to rove;
May mark thy form with grace array'd,
And hear the accents of thy love!

But short and transient the relief,
That gives illusive joy to sleep;
Since sad *reality* of *grief*,
At morn must wake the wretch to weep.

TO THE SAME.

MAY 13, 1809.

YES! I have said, when with thee bless'd,
That I was blest beyond all measure;
And of thy mutual love possest,
That mine was sure life's richest treasure!

And I have thought the only pain
That e'er I felt had pow'r to grieve me,
Was when these eyes with latest strain,
Gaz'd on thy form about to leave thee.

But is the woe that rends the heart,
When kindred souls are forc'd to sever,
Keen as that dreary rankling smart,
Which gnaws the absent bosom ever?

Or when the hours *unnotic'd* fly,
  Will e'er the pulse's tranquil beating,
Bid rapture fire the swimming eye,
  Like fond love's *unexpected* meeting.

Ah! no, then why thy pensive sighs,
  Declare thy absent love is dearest;
Be *mine* to give the sweet surprise,
  And clasp thee to this bosom, *fairest!*

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE WALL OF A COTTAGE ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST.

SWEET straw-roof'd cot, a sad adieu!
To many a scene my heart holds dear;
Tho' nature's beauties *here* are few,
She reigns in awful grandeur near.

Thy little garden's bloom is o'er,
Its dying sweets I do not mourn;
For summer shall its blooms restore,
And nature's fairest works return.

What tho' before the creaking mast,
The wreck-strew'd shore, the scowling sky;
The terrors of the wintry blast,
Gay health and all her vot'ries fly.

Still, summer shall these glooms remove,
  Each maid restore, each charm renew;
And I in joy of *meeting* love,
  Forget the hour I bade adieu!

ON SEEING A WATCH

THAT HAD BEEN SOME TIME STOPPED.

YES! thou'rt the *same*, but time's swift pinion
Has o'er me held his wonted course;
And I have bow'd to the dominion
Of joy, of grief, and keen remorse.

Hours of joy, alas! where are ye?
Fled like dreams of night away;
The day that parted me from Mary,
Was indeed your dying day!

Since that day no cheerful morrow,
Gilds with hope my mental gloom;
Reflection wrings my heart with sorrow,
And bids me fear my future doom!

Next grief my inmost soul distressing,
  Whispers how blissful late the scene,
How late this heart to hers was pressing,
  Then bids me mark the space between.

But *chief remorse*, thou bid'st me shrinking,
  Review the past,—and inly groan;
That sinful thus, and all unthinking,
  I count not blessings I have known!

Thy voice I hear, and humbly turning,
  To him whose pow'r can save or kill;
I supplicate that best of learning,
  That teaches man to do *his* will!

That, as hereafter time's swift pinion
  Shall o'er me hold his rapid way;
My heart may own his *sole* dominion,
  Nor bow to passion's tyrant sway!

TRANSLATION FROM THE IRISH;

By Miss Owenson, in her novel of the Wild Irish Girl, imitated in rhyme.

My love when she floats on the hill's misty brow,
And fann'd by the zephyrs her thin garments stream!
Appears like a flake of the newly fall'n snow,
Or the cloud which is ting'd by the sun's setting beam!

Her forehead it rivals the pearl's lucid hue,
And threads of spun gold seem'd entwin'd with her hair!
My heart she has won, and how dearly I rue,
It e'er lov'd a maiden so fickle and fair!

LINES TO MR. BARTH,

PREVIOUS TO HIS LEAVING ENGLAND.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN around you hear but the tempest's hoarse roar,
And the wide range of ocean alone meets your view;
When the friends you now see shall surround you no more,
Shall they be forgotten for friendships more new?

Perchance when the transports of meeting are past,
And calmness succeeds to emotion's fond swell
A thought of remembrance may sometimes be cast,
On those friends with whom late you delighted to dwell.

You may think as 'mid Norway's wild scen'ry you stray,
On our wood-cover'd hills, and our vallies so green;
Where tho' grandeur is absent, all nature is gay,
And mild are the beauties, and tranquil the scene.

And should A———y haply recur to your mind,
You may think upon one who was gladly your guide,
To the cot, where the heart of the coldest to bind,
Bright beauty and elegance jointly reside.

"'Twas strange," you exclaim'd, "that secluded from all,
"Such worth, scarcely notic'd, should flourish so fair;
"But unheeded may flourish, unheeded may fall,
"The flow'ret that perfumes the desart's wild air!"

Then virtue's a plant independent of soil,
And the heart which is skill'd in adversity's lore,
Good fortune may soften, but seldom can spoil,
'Tis refin'd from the dross, as the gold from the ore!

And trust me tho' no lofty mountains arise,
  As guardians terrific to shield from the storm;
The violet securely the north wind defies,
  Should nought but a hillock protect its fine form.

WITH A RING OF HAIR.

" I would not have thee every time thou look'st on't, but
" Sometimes, think that it was mine."

ALBION QUEENS.

MARIA! when thou look'st on this,
Tho' oceans roll 'twixt thee and me,
Think on our parting, and the kiss
Of sad farewell I gave to thee!

And, as in all its circling round
No broken parted ends appear;
So may thy life with joys be crown'd,
Uninterrupted by a tear!

Perchance, at some far future day,
  Rememb'rance may indulge a sigh,
Of fond regret for those away,
  And e'en a tear-drop dim thine eye!

Should then, alas! some favor'd youth,
  Be better, fondlier lov'd by thee,
I could forgive thy breach of truth,
  If thou would'st cast one thought on me!

If thou would'st let this ring of hair,
  Whate'er may prove my varied lot,
Just whisper thee, my lovely fair,—
  Forget not him, forget him not.

SONG.

THO' far 't has been my lot to roam,
  Woman still lovely prov'd, and fair;
But thou had'st chain'd my heart at home,
  And none that heart with thee could share.

Circassia's maids like beauties show,
  Thy mien in Scotia's dames we see;
Ionia's nymphs thy softness know;
  But soul I find alone in thee.

So all their charms, my Mary, bound
  This constant heart more firmly thine;
For gems, which other *gems* surround,
  Are *trebly bright* if seen to shine!

WRITTEN
ON
A FRIEND'S LEAVING ENGLAND.

SINCE we must part, my Henry dear,
These few short hours—I will not lose 'em;
Yet I will stem the rising tear,
Nor rack with needless woe my bosom.

For oh! I feel by this sad heart,
How keen for kindred minds to sever;
Since this drear hour that bids us part,
Will almost stay its beat for ever.

Yet something whispers to my soul,
  And softens sharpest grief's emotion;
It tells me—if beneath the pole,
  Or traversing the boundless ocean;

That thou wilt often heave the sigh
  Of fond regret for those behind thee;
Wilt dwell with rapture on each tie,
  Which link'd by love may serve to bind thee.

And oh! may hope with gladd'ning ray,
  To thee this hour of parting brighten;
And while she gilds some future day,
  Let her from grief thy bosom lighten.

She'll teach thee, Henry, not to fear,
  Tho' here thy heart's with sorrow riv'n;
And e'en thy fairest prospects drear,
  But that they'll brighter be in Heav'n!

And sure when time with leaden wing,
  Which none but poet's paint as fleeting;
At length the long-wish'd hour shall bring,
  Which serves to sanctify our meeting.

This bosom now so full of woe,
  Feeling its heart-strings nighly rending;
Will scarce support the rapt'rous glow
  Of joy, united friends attending.

THE MANIAC,

A SONNET.

'Tis dreary night! and o'er that distant wood,
Whose solemn shade strikes thro' the inmost soul
An awful horror—while the freezing blood
Coagulates to hear the mastiff's howl!
The pale moon rises, whose sad gleamy light,
Frequent obscur'd, adds deeper to the gloom,
To that lone grave! when winter's direful might
Reigns over conquer'd nature, the cold tomb
Of his Eliza the poor maniac seeks,
And vainly searches rocks for flow'rets gay,
And hopes as erst t' adorn her blushing cheeks
With the first off'rings of the op'ning May;
Nor knows that she so late his sole delight,
Has clos'd her beaming orbs in endless night!

IMITATION OF THE SONG IN ŒLLA.

"O! SING UNTO MIE, &c."

O THOU who hast a heart that's true,
If any such a heart there be;
Then list to me, for thou may'st rue
A fickle maid's inconstancy!
Who false may prove,
To the plighted love,
She once had sworn to thee!

Fair was the girl I lov'd so well,
Upon her accents magic hung;
Each word became a binding spell,
If utter'd by her syren tongue.
But to her love,
Untrue she did prove,
Which oft' she'd vow'd to me.

Mild and blue is the summer sky,
  Still milder beam'd her dark blue eyne;
Majestic waves the polar high;
  But statelier was my true-love's mien.
    Who false did prove,
    To the plighted love,
    So often sworn to me!

Sweet Autumn clothes with gold the field,
  While Winter whitens all with snow;
Yet to her hair that gold must yield,
  And to her breast that winter snow.
    I rue the love,
    That false could thus prove,
    And quiet take from me.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN WALES.

All gloomy was the ev'ning sky,
  Save where the west was streak'd with red;
And hollow moan'd the winds wild sigh,
  That whistled round my lonely head.

The stars 'pear'd dim 'twixt many a cloud,
  I sought Caer-Philly's mould'ring walls;
'Mong moss-grown vaults re-echoing loud,
  On Julia's name her lover calls.

The moon her pale ray shed around,
  The night seem'd doom'd for last adieu!
Damp dews were resting on the ground,
  It was indeed our parting view!

She came, her parting tears fell fast,
  Her cold, cold cheek to mine she laid;
Soft were her sighs!—chill blew the blast,
  I kiss'd, and left the lovely maid!

But colder is her cheek so pale,
  Those parting tears shall fall no more;
Those sighs no more perfume the gale,
  Her transient dream of life is o'er!

The sod is green upon her grave!
  And spring's first flow'rets blossom there;
A date like theirs to her fate gave,
  She bloom'd to charm—to disappear.

TO MISS ****.

In what words shall be exprest
This love that robs me of my rest;
Long, my sweetest girl! I strove,
By language to impart my love;
But 'tis folly to require,
Words to tell the soul's desire:
Never sure can languid prose,
Half the lover's heart disclose;
Each emotion of the flame
Must be felt, it has no name!
Lovely locks of auburn hair,
Waving o'er a forehead fair;
Beauteous eyes of azure hue,
Vying with yon heav'nly blue

With a thousand graces more,
Have been often prais'd before:
Charms like these describ'd may be
In prose, or glowing poesy!

But when clasping to this heart,
Thee, its dearer, better part!
Say, my girl, ah! tell me why,
Language failing, heaves the sigh!
Is't the suppliant of a breast,
That feels what never was exprest?

TO MARY.

ON HEARING THE BELLS OF BENE'T CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, OCTOBER 28, 1808.

" The moon shines bright! in such a night as this,
" When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
" Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan wall;
" And sigh'd his soul out towards the Grecian camp
" Where Cressid' lay that night."

How sad yon fluctuating peal,
Thrills ev'ry fibre of this heart,
As mem'ry makes it keenly feel
The hour it lost its better part!

Soft, trembling, mild, the moon's pale beam,
On ev'ry turret sleeping plays;
It seems but as the flitting dream,
When I with thee beheld its rays!

But ah! how chang'd the pensive scene,
  Now sad its waning light I view;
And sigh to think when last 'twas seen,
  I shar'd its beauties, sweet, with you!

Then why upon thee, queen of night,
  Thus fondly do I turn mine eye:
Do Mary's eyes of softest light,
  Now mark thy progress thro' the sky?

Is mine each sigh she steals to thee,
  The unconfirm'd idea's sweet,
It whispers that tho' torn from me,
  Our souls unsever'd still can meet.

TO MR. D——KE,

WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF MSS.

WHERE wit and learning jointly shine,
And lend each page resistless grace;
Can lines as simply penn'd as mine,
By *merit* hope to hold a place?

No, no! 'tis friendship's kindly ray,
Dispels each mist of doubtful fear;
And flatt'ring, bids me think my lay,
With all its faults, may please *thine ear!*

For ah! my lyre was seldom known
The notes of sprightly mirth to sound;
It joys to sing of moment's *flown*,
Of friendship's pow'r—or love's sweet wound!

And all my rude untutor'd art,
  Whene'er I bid its murmurs flow,
Can only charm some *kindred* heart,
  Alive like mine to bliss and woe!

Few then 'twill please, since nature's hand
  Has moulded *few* to feel with me;
Yet *thou* her laws can'st understand,
  And I devote these lines to thee.

TO MARY.

MARY! as love thy bosom warms,
Does fancy e'er the hour renew;
That gave thy lover to thine arms,
The hour that saw him bid adieu!

Yes! there's a faithful pleader *here*,
A heart whose throbs no more are mine;
Which soothes and calms each boding fear,
And bids *its* feelings speak for thine!

Now night's chill mists bespread the ground,
For day's gay scen'ry suits not me;
And all seem still, and sleeping round,
But *I* am all awake to thee.

Again, I meet thy first caress,
  I see joy's flush o'erspread thy cheek;
My lips to thine I fondly press,
  And feel the bliss that cannot speak!

Too soon the dear-lov'd vision fades!
  So fled my hours of *real* delight;
And fancy paints in darkest shades,
  The sorrows of our parting night.

Again I feel thy latest sigh!
  I feel again the parting thrill;
Bend oft' on empty air my eye,
  And seem to see thee near me still!

Yet to that day (our sorrows flown)
  Hope sometimes points with brightest beams;
When I shall clasp thee, all my own,
  And find thee all my fancy dreams!

TO THE SAME.

YES! many have call'd forth this heart's fond devotion,
But *light* were its chains, or perchance it was free;
Now the tell-tale betrays by each trembling emotion,
That life could not charm if unchained to thee!

When erst, with its short-reigning idol 'twas meeting,
How slight were its feelings of pleasure or fear;
But do not the throbs which now heighten its beating,
Betoken affection more warm, more sincere!

And why, when alone I am pensively straying,
  Should I hear in the zephyrs my Mary's soft sigh!
Should I see o'er her forehead her silken locks playing,
  Or hang on the lustre which beams in her eye!

If *these* are not proofs of the flame that I cherish,
  Oh! bid me do aught my affection to *prove;*
Ev'n to leave *thee* my Mary, tho' *that* were to perish,
  I think I could die—but not forfeit thy love.

TO MARY.

DECEMBER 30, 1809.

THO' many a votive song of mine,
Has fail'd in praising thy perfection;
And I have often found *my* line
Too feeble for my soul's affection.

Yet Mary, 'ere the parting year,
Time with his sable wing shall cover;
I'll own *at least*, past moments dear,
In which thy love has blest thy lover.

Perchance some *cold observer*'s eye,
  May think I over-rate thee, charmer!
And tell me that my muse might sigh
  For face *more* fair, or feelings warmer.

Yes! I some *warmer* maid might find,
  With face *as near* the rose's blossom;
But let him show me Mary's mind,
  Or heart like that in Mary's bosom.

That heart has rais'd my bosom's fire,
  Its worth thy beauteous face transcending;
And thou deserv'st some better lyre,
  Whose virtue's with thy charms are blending.

Accept then, dearest girl, his song,
  Whose heart shall know *no* change of season:
Whose love with time shall be more strong,
  And passion's vows be seal'd by reason.

For *absence* chills not love like ours,
  It rather draws the compact tighter;
As nature uses winter's pow'rs,
  To make the blooms of summer brighter.

And when *this life* must pass away,
  And death our mortal ties must sever;
Together may we quit the day,
  And wake to life and bliss for ever!

TO MISS S. P. OF YORKSHIRE.

JANUARY 14, 1810.

THO' love has bid me strike the lyre,
  To her who robb'd my heart of rest;
To *her* who rais'd the purest fire,
  That ever glow'd in human breast!

My muse would wish *one* grateful lay,
  Might worthy thy perusal prove;
Nor shrink before thy piercing ray,
  Thou dear-lov'd friend of *her I* love!

And haply, thou may'st hold as dear,
  This votive line, to friendship due;
Tho' far-fetch'd praise thou scorn'st to hear,
  And passion breathes not warm and true.

Nor needest *thou* the flatt'rer's line,
  To other maids such themes belong;
The simple pen of truth be mine,
  When thou'rt the subject of my song.

I would not say—no fault has pow'r
  Thy heart *one moment* to allure;
For dust *may* soil the lily flow'r,
  And yet the *lily* shall be *pure*.

Nor would I say, that passion's thrill,
  Has ne'er disturb'd thy bosom's peace;
But I *would* say no human will
  Could better bid its workings cease.

And I would say the spell that binds
  Might soon by envy broken be;
Did not the first of human minds,
  Obscure its blaze—by modesty.

SONG.

"SIGH not, ye winds, as passing o'er
"The chambers of the dead ye fly;
"Weep not, ye dews! for these no more
"Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh!"

And thou, sweet orb! that lov'st to play,
And pour thy beams upon the tomb;
In vain thou shed'st that tremb'ling ray,
Can it disperse sepulchral gloom?

And yet these lips, so silent now,
May oft' have swell'd your airy tide;
Ye passing winds—with many a vow
To human ears more harsh denied.

And eyes, whose beams lie quenched here,
  May once have charm'd each gazer's view;
Or fill'd, with feeling's kindly tear,
  Have wept, ye pensive dews, like you!

And haply, to these dead was giv'n
  A soul, that thrill'd with keen delight!
As gazing on thee, queen of Heav'n,
  They watch'd thy walk of silv'ry light.

NATALE SOLUM.

ARGUMENT.

The love of mankind for their Native Country alluded to—The Arabs—Swiss—Episode of Henry and Emma—The feelings of an Old Man, &c.—Lovers, on visiting the place of their Nativity—Romans and Greeks love home; the incitement to most of their exploits—Conclusion.

NATALE SOLUM.

Of all the feelings that adorn the mind,
Or speak the soul existing in mankind,
None greater, nobler, surely can be found,
Than that which bids us love our *Native ground:*
That sacred love which beams in all confest,
Which springs spontaneous in each human breast;
With equal warmth—with equal influence reigns
O'er him in Tempe's vale—or Afric's plains;
By all enjoy'd, as the pure light of Heav'n,
Alike to Europe's sons, and Afric's, giv'n.

Nor yet to man *alone* a heav'nly dow'r,
Since brutish instinct feels, and owns its pow'r;
Yes! 'tis of thee, sweet home, a hallow'd love,
That nerves the pinions of the timid dove!
Thy love 'tis animates, directs, and guides,
Her untir'd wing thro' æther's pathless tides;
Nor thirst, nor hunger, stay her ceaseless flight,
Home, home alone, must ev'ry toil requite!
Right on she holds her course, devoutly true,
To that dear spot from whence at first she flew.
On ev'ry coast where ocean's billows roll,
This sacred feeling animates the soul.

Behold the Arab! freedom's fav'rite child,
'Mid trackless deserts horrible and wild;
Nor fertile hills, nor fruitful vales *he* knows,
For *him* no garden's gaudy produce blows;
For *him* no forest deep its foliage rears,
Nay, scarce a *shrub* his barren prospect cheers;
One lengthening scene of horrors meets the eye,
One wide expanse of sand, one burning sky!
Yet *here*, 'mid arid plains, and endless toil,
The savage Arab owns his native soil!
Seeks thro' these wilds, where runs the scanty stream,
While from the scorching of the solar beam,

A slight protection perhaps some shrubs afford,
Beneath whose shade he spreads his frugal hoard;
And fearless of the Simoom's deadly blast,
Makes with contented heart his poor repast!
No costly wines his simple banquet grace,
No food, except the food procur'd by chace:
Yet to his heart this simple fare is dear,
Since ev'ry joy that *Home* affords is here!
More dear to him, this rude uncultur'd spot,
Than all the lux'ry of the polish'd grot,
Where sedulously form'd for giving ease,
The very stream is murm'ring taught to please;
And as of yore when Greece bore sway alone,
She thought no people polish'd, save her own:
So the fierce Arab free from all the crimes
Misnam'd, or virtues deem'd in milder climes,
Laughs at the arts by which our realms are grac'd,
Nor dreams of joys beyond his native waste.
But is it only where these wand'rers rove,
That Home excites such feelings fraught with love?
No! from such scenes, which part on fancy pend,
On those near home the mental eye shall bend;
Survey those climes where Alps on Alps arise,
And tow'ring hide their summits in the skies!

Where endless depths of snow eternal spread,
Give age's aspect to each mountain's head.
Where thro' the wild, and thinly-peopled vale,
Furious and reckless drives the wintry gale;
Where fierce Helvetia's warlike sons are born,
Kindly from lux'ry's sway by nature torn.
Around their cots the angry tempests howl,
While o'er their heads skies ever gloomy scowl,
Partial the gleams that cheer their rugged soil,
And almost vain the hardy rustic's toil:
Fled their short summer, and its sickly sun,
The long, long night of winter is begun.
The lakes supply, when wanted most is lost,
Its scaly tribes, barr'd up by glitt'ring frost!
Snows spread the ground, or drizzle in the squall,
And Avalanche's totter to their fall.
Yet *here*, with undiminish'd force, we find
This self same feeling planted in the mind;
'Tis this that oft' beneath a foreign sky,
Calls forth, 'mid scenes of joy, the restless sigh!
This makes the Swiss, when far his footsteps stray,
If by some chance he hear the well-known lay,
Which perhaps his soul's beloved oft' has sung,
(While he enamour'd on her accents hung;)

Tho' rude his soul, nor mov'd by love or fear,
He scarcely knows the lux'ry of a tear!
Then own, subdued by sound his flinty heart,
His soul dissolves in love, and tears unbidden start!
Oh, Nature! in thy spell-like laws so mild,
Whence springs thy potent sway o'er minds so wild?
Whence is thy secret, thy magnetic pow'r,
Which absence strengthens with each fleeting hour;
Whence are those cords round ev'ry heart entwin'd,
Cords, which than heaviest links can faster bind;
Cords, which regardless of the ocean's roar,
Still pull the bosom to its native shore!
To that dear shore, where oft' decreed by fate,
Sorrows the wand'rer's sad return await!
Worn down with age, with poverty opprest,
E'en home itself shall yield his soul no rest!
His friends dispers'd, or mingled with the dead,
Each scene of former bliss for ever fled;
For him no friendly heart expecting beats,
Unknown, unmark'd, he treads the well-known streets!
Tho' murm'ring crowds on ev'ry side he hears,
All to his heart a dreary waste appears;
His hills, his streams, his native place alone,
Remain of all he lov'd, of all he'd known!

Why then thus anxious, merely for a tomb?
Is the wide world so wond'rous scarce of room?
Ye would not ask, who to the closing eye
Could guess how sweet is Home—tho' but to die!

Live there then those, who feeling Home so dear,
Can, from another's grasp, such blessings tear:
Can, discontented with extensive realm,
Whole nations in one ruin dire o'erwhelm?
There are, rul'd by that Fiend, whose rav'nous sweep
Would leave nor land to mourn, nor home to weep!
'Tis thine, ambition! with thy vengeful wand,
To blast with ruin many a cheerful land;
Thine, the fierce tiger's bloody joys to know,
Thine, to exult o'er scenes of deepest woe!
'Tis thou must dig the sanguinary grave,
For luckless valour, impotent to save;
Thou first must drench with gore the thirsty sod,
Thou direst pest of an avenging God!
Thou, all unmov'd, the slaughter'd babe can'st see,
The mother's tears, her shrieks are lost on thee!
Mercy may plead her milder laws in vain,
Thy only law is uncontroul'd domain!
Unmov'd by pity—in thy sounding ear,
Thou flyest joyful to the din of war!

Nor heed'st a pow'r, or human, or divine,
And this fell code is (Buonaparté!) thine!
Else would the Gallic banners wide unfurl'd,
Spread death and horror thro' th' affrighted world;
Save, where my own dear land thy rage defies,
And bold in freedom's cause, thy prowess tries.
Yet not to us, O Lord! the praise be giv'n,
Be thine the praise, who rulest earth and Heav'n!
Else would "Helvetia's bleeding bosom gor'd,"
Have wail'd the havoc of thy ruthless sword:
Or would thy thund'ring cannon's dreadful roar,
Have banish'd peace from her ill-fated shore!
Would e'er thy flaunting banners have impress'd
Their mimic forms upon the lake's still breast?
Would their sequester'd wave been ting'd with blood,
"Of all the nobly great, and bravely good?"
No wealth had they t' attract thy greedy eye,
Their sole possessions were their *home*, their sky;
For these they bravely fought, for these they dar'd to die!
Oh, tyrant! hated by the good, the just,
What myriads hast thou levell'd with the dust;
To thy relentless bosom what avail,
The soldier's groan, the ravish'd virgin's wail!

Unmark'd by thee the father mourns his boy,
His age's stay, the hapless mother's joy!
'Tis thine, the fairest prospects still to blight,
And spread o'er life's decline the gloom of night!
Unmov'd thou hear'st the cries of feeble age,
All feeling buried in the victor's rage!
But tho' thy soul, ambition shackled, keeps,
There is a watchful pow'r who never sleeps!
That pow'r, at whose tribunal dread, must stand,
Victor and vanquish'd, in one common band:
Then what, oh! direful scourge! thy guilt shall hide?
Thou who so oft' hast roll'd war's purple tide!
What horror then must thrill thy soul with fear,
Thy thousand crimes, all register'd, to hear!
Thou, whose ambition mock'd at human woe,
How chang'd will be thy look! how fall'n thy brow!
Then the accusing angel, stern shall read,
'Mongst other crimes, this sanguinary deed!*
Brought by th' unwilling muse to mortal sight,
From numbers hid in shades of deepest night!
Which thou, the vassal of ambition's laws,
Must strict account for, as their leading cause:

* Bonaparte, however *otherwise* atrocious, is in this *particular case*, perhaps, falsely accused by the Muse!

Where, gaily sparkling in the solar beams,
Lucerne's sweet lake receives its mountain streams,
Reflecting ev'ry flow'r that decks its side,
In the dear mirror of its glassy tide!
Where, drifted by the eddying mountain breeze,
Yon misty smoke just rises o'er the trees;
Far from the world, at Stantzberg's foot there stood,
The hallow'd home of the unnotic'd good;
Own'd by an aged, unaspiring pair,
And one fair daughter, *good* as she was fair!
Gay did their garden many a flow'r disclose,
But fairer was their Emma than the rose;
Youth, in its fond imagination warm,
Ne'er pictur'd to itself a lovelier form:
While, with this matchless form, was well combin'd,
That first of jewels—purity of mind!
And many a rustic, deep-enamour'd youth,
Breath'd vows of endless constancy and truth;
And many a wealthy lordling strove in vain,
This peerless maid's affections coy to gain:
Yet still her heart, no love-sick vows could move,
'Till humble Henry taught it first to love!
Then would the absent look, the swimming eye,
The laugh oft' forc'd, the frequent deep-drawn sigh!

The crimson dye that on her cheek appears,
If e'er by chance her Henry's name she hears,
Each check'd emotion of her breast betray,
The gentle symptoms of love's pow'rful sway.
Nor undeserving of so rich a dow'r,
Was he, who won of Lucerne's banks, the flow'r;
Each virtue his, his ev'ry manly grace,
That stamps the hero's mind upon the face;
Wealth only fail'd, at whose ignoble shrine,
How oft' degraded bends the soul divine;
For this, man dooms his fellow man to bleed,
And glories in the sanguinary deed!
Wealth makes us dread night's cool and solemn hour,
Nay, even love, has basely own'd its pow'r!
Yet Henry's soul above such meanness soar'd,
High independence hail'd him as her lord;
Wealth was his aim, that still he might protect
His bosom's idol, from cold-ey'd neglect;
He sought, and nobly sought, by this to raise
His Emma to the rank of former days;
That she, who rais'd his bosom's tend'rest glow,
Might clothe the naked, soothe the anguish'd brow,
And bid the suff'rers tears to cease their flow!

For tho' those days had fled at fortune's frown,
Which Emma's early life had joyous known;
And tho' resign'd, she check'd each bitter tear,
She could not but remember—"such days were!"
For love and Emma, then, he sought the shores,
Where sultry India yields her boundless stores:
There, 'ere three ling'ring years were gone in air,
A well-earn'd competence repaid his care.
No deeds of cruelty e'er stain'd his heart,
Beneath no wanton stripes his negroes smart!
With pitying ear, he heard the struggling sigh,
And mark'd with grief, the heavy tearful eye!
Sweeten'd toil's bitter cup, by tend'rest care,
To chase the look that only spoke despair!
And now, amid the ocean's howling storm,
Imagination brought his Emma's form;
Oft' painted her with all her matchless charms,
Hang fondly o'er each tale of rude alarms:
Or shooting forward, thro' the mist of years,
In fancy's eye the mother now appears!
He sees her infant to her bosom prest,
And all the father glows within his breast!
Safe from the fickle wave—the journey past,
He reach'd Helvetia's cloud-capt hills at last

Reach'd them, and swifter than the winged reed,
He flew—for what can match a lover's speed;
But who can search the wise decrees of Heav'n,
Or say why death's denied, or life unwanted giv'n?
Else 'twould seem mercy, had the foaming wave,
Enclos'd him slumb'ring in a wat'ry grave!
So death had kindly spar'd the baleful sight,
That turn'd like Egypt's gloom his day to night!
For now he gains the mountain's misty brow,
And wide extended laid the plains below:
Awhile to view the horrid scene he stood,
Where all below seem'd terror, death, and blood!
The plain he left with richest verdure grac'd,
Seems now a sad, untill'd, deserted waste!
All had become the ruthless spoiler's prey,
And desolation mark'd his dreadful way.
The mountain's side, late spread with clust'ring vines,
With glitt'ring arms, and gayest plumage shines:
Far, far below his fav'rite Lucerne glides,
But slaughter seems to stain its glassy tides;
In vain the cot his straining eyes implore,
The dear lov'd cot shall meet those eyes no more.
He views the spot that gave his Emma birth,
A smoaking ruin on its parent earth!

To hope and fear, by turns his spirit yields,
As rushing on, he cross'd the well-known fields;
A thousand horrid sights appal his sense,
Yet, yet no torment, equals dire suspense!
The village reach'd, he join'd a martial band,
Heroes escap'd the fierce destroyer's hand,
Rous'd by their wrongs, and purpos'd yet to try,
Tho' doom'd to fall, not *unreveng'd* to die!
From *these* he learns what most he dreads to hear,
And dumb despair receives without a tear:
His Emma's sire was number'd with the dead,
The murd'rer's stroke had stain'd his hoary head!
As weak in arms, he brav'd the spoiler's rage,
Bent to the earth at once, by grief and age;
The wretched mother look'd for aid in vain,
She and her daughter grac'd the captive train!
Silent awhile, th' ill-fated lover stood,
While grief and rage suffus'd his brow with blood!
At length with recollection, speech returns,
And justest wrath within his bosom burns,
To Heav'n he vows, that ev'ry tear she shed,
Should call down vengeance on each hated head.
Oft', in the bloodiest throng, he foremost prest,
And still return'd in crimson trophies drest:

His looks, his words, his deathless deeds inspire,
In all around, his own celestial fire!
One cause, one sorrow, links each warriour heart,
To shine in glory, or in death to part.
Tho' clouds seem'd rolling fast o'er freedom's day,
Hope cheer'd Helvetia with a parting ray;
For fought anew she sees Montgarthen's plain,
And Underwalden's hero rise again;
But hope's pure ray, shone with a fleeting light,
As gleams of lightning in the wintry night,
Which to the sinking sailors show the beach
Their dying efforts must not hope to reach.
Like Underwalden's hero, Henry fell,
Not doom'd to serve his country's cause so well;
For now assail'd by fate's dark angel—death,
'Mid fallen foes the warriour yields his breath!
Swift fade the blood-stain'd fields before his view,
And his last sighs—are Emma giv'n to you!
In freedom's mock the Gallic standards wave,
To fan the sod of freedom's hallow'd grave!
Is this the man, whom abject worlds call great,
Who tramples ev'ry law beneath his feet?
Who wrong on wrong on suff'ring nations heaps,
And where his pow'r is felt, all nature weeps!

It is the man: How from the contrast springs
Thy conduct, England! and thy best of Kings:
Where liberty's a *being*—not a *name*,
And ev'ry breast is glowing with her flame?
Nor niggard of the good by Heav'n possest,
But anxious suff'ring millions may be blest;
No more is borne upon the blushing flood,
Man's shameful traffic, for a fellow's blood!
Nor Cowper, shall thy glorious lays e'er die,
In which (instructed from thy parent sky)
Thou boldly pleaded injur'd nature's claim:—
"Affection dwells in white and black the same."
Oh! glorious theme, for ev'ry British tongue,
Oh! truth as bright, as ever poet sung!
If yet there lives the wretch who basely blind,
Can dream that "fleecy locks" preclude a mind;
To Him, tho' pity's voice may prove but weak,
Truths oft' repeated, yet the muse shall speak.
What does thy great Creator view in thee?
(And he looks further than vain mortals see)
Beyond thy brother of the sable hue,
Let conscience speak, and trust her voice as true.
Art *thou* of firmer limb, or hardier mould?
Both melt alike with heat—or shrink from cold.

Tho' *here* thy puny pow'rs to *his* must yield,
And even he to all that haunt the field.
Then for the soul—does it to thee seem clear,
That it is *strong* in teaching man to bear:
Does *it* support the Indian at the stake,
Where savage fury bids each passion wake?
What makes the wretch by thee so held at nought,
Firm 'mid a scene with direst horrors fraught?
Where calm, he feels the knife, and views the fires,
And fiercely scoffing at his foes,—expires!
Dost thou then think a mind like this can't feel?
Or springs the fault from thine own heart of steel:
Yes! such a breast, with no mean ardor glows,
Home is perhaps the strongest tie it knows:
The social feelings feeble force impart,
Where *local* motives chiefly sway the heart;
Since ev'ry savage is but nature's child,
And nature bids *all* love the wood, the wild,
The fen, the hill, nay ev'ry spot of earth,
Endear'd by childhood's griefs, by childhood's mirth;
But left this *cause* which binds from pole to pole,
This *local* cause that ties to home the soul!
Be it the willing muses pleasing care,
To sing of stronger bonds than *earth* or *air*;

To bid the chains minuter links appear,
That make our native soil so truly dear.
Say ye, who by the world's gay vortex torn,
Have left the spot that saw your early morn;
Say, while on each known place ye fondly gaze,
And mem'ry dwells on scenes of happier days!
Say, but how feebly language can impart,
Each strong emotion of the swelling heart!
Mark with what pensive steps yon vet'ran steals,
And ask *your* hearts to learn what his now feels;
How lost in thought upon the village gate,
He leans, revolving many a change of fate!
Gay spread before him lies the village green,
Now, as of yore, of rustic sports the scene;
Here, oft' the bounding foot-ball held its way,
There, cricket-players clamor'd thro' the day:
The same yon oak its verdant foliage rears,
And seems unconscious of the lapse of years;
But man has fail'd, like *his*, *their* youth is o'er,
Like him they sport upon the green no more,
Youth's roseate hours, with youth and love now flown,
He wanders feeble, wretched, and alone!
Here, where so oft' he sought for boyish fame,
All is forgotten,—e'en his very name;

Sad by yon church-yard yews, he slowly hies,
To read the stone where many a comrade lies;
To drop at nature's call, the swelling tear,
On the cold sod of those who moulder there!
And, while his tears in silent sorrow flow,
He feels a soothing pleasure in his woe!
Swift o'er his soul a thousand phantoms fleet,
And scenes of former bliss make present anguish sweet;
But if when life's few hours are fleeting fast,
And even hope expects as best, the last,
"The record fair" of many a pleasing day,
Can chase the gloom of age and grief away.
If dearer thus, than all the world we view,
The spot where *once* we love and pleasure knew,
How sweeter far must be the bliss that springs,
In breasts where hope still points to better things;
Where frolic youth presides, by care unvex'd,
And this day's bliss gives earnest of the next.
Mark but the youth, whom beauty's glances warm,
A willing victim to love's powr'ful charm,
Conduct, with raptur'd step, the willing maid,
O'er each known spot where infancy has stray'd;
Point out each beauty of the whisp'ring grove,
Dear by *remembrance*, dearer now by *love!*

Direct her gaze to yon low white-wash'd wall,
Time-struck and hast'ning to its unmark'd fall,
Where *first* he breath'd th' unsullied mountain air,
Nor knew a wish,—nor felt one aching care:
See! what a tender softness lights his eye,
As pressing fond her hand—his murmurs sigh!
That *next* the pleasure she and love can give,
Are those dear scenes which in remembrance live;
As oft he vows—with life he'd sooner part,
Than banish *her* or feeling from his heart.
Dear are such scenes! how doubly dear to ye,
Whose hearts admit the force of nature's plea;
And Oh! they're dear, and round *one* heart entwine,
Whose ev'ry throb is *life* and *bliss* to *mine*;
Scarcely more fast a father's name can bind,
To home itself a father's glowing mind,
What tho' he fondly to his bosom press,
The virtuous being giv'n by fate to bless;
What tho' each prattling cherub's speaking smile,
From deepest woe "to rapture can beguile!"
Are these to feeling souls *more* truly dear,
Than love's enchanting hope—love's tender fear?

Fear, to each lover's bosom ever given,
Hope, the rich solace of indulgent Heav'n.
Dear native land! where all these blessings reign,
Th' attempt to wean the heart from thee is vain:
Since in all breasts a love of thee presides,
Which cold distrust, and doubting fear derides;
Thy love, *he* felt, the sacred bard of yore,
Who weeping sat on Babel's verdant shore!
Who vow'd the "cunning" should forsake his hand,
If he forgot his dear, his native land!
See! wav'd by winds, his harp neglected, swings,
Swept by *their sighs*, resound its pensive strings;
In vain his haughty lords the song require,
A *foreign soil* had quench'd the poet's fire.
'Tis Home's pure love that bares the warriour's sword,
And sanctifies the bosom of its lord:
It taught thy breast, Leonidas, to bear
The fullest brunt of Persia's haughty spear;
Inspir'd thy glorious few, thy god-like band,
In virtue firm, 'gainst ten-fold force to stand!
Thy noble band, who prov'd their blood-stain'd grave,
Stronger than mountains, fated Greece to save;
Who taught th' insulting foe, the strongest wall,
Stood self-erected at its country's call:

It prompted Him *, who sought the foaming flood,
Grim smear'd with spouting streams of hostile blood!
Bade him, when tott'ring Rome seem'd surely lost,
Turn on the foe, and prove himself a host!
Forc'd, haughty prowess foil'd, to turn and fly,
Or headlong valour, challenge fate, and die!
Whilst he, tho' dealing direst slaughter round,
His country's bulwark, stood without a wound!
Inspir'd by thee, ill-fated Brutus rose,
In vain a tyrant's frowns thy flame oppose;
The list'ning night still heard his deepest groan,
For days when Rome fair freedom's smile had known;
Heart-broke he *felt* th' oppressor's iron rod,
Saw *Romans* tremble at a tyrant's nod!
Stept forth her dying liberties to save,
Or sink with Roman freedom to the grave!
Sternly he rais'd the sacrificing knife,
Against *his* breast, who *twice* had giv'n him life!
No ear would he to pity's pleadings lend,
But in his *country's* foe—forgot the private friend!
Nor meanly yielding, did he deign to live,
Without the freedom which he wish'd to give:

* Horatius Cocles.

Vainly on virtue's fickle aid he calls,
And with the cause he lov'd, the hero falls!
In later days the land that gave them breath,
Has been the soldiers chosen bed of death,
And many a Spanish warriour's sword has prov'd,
How life is nothing to a home belov'd.
What tho' the oft' renew'd, unequal strife,
Has cost her bravest, dearest sons, their life!
Tho' leaders weak, disgrac'd the patriot name,
And damp'd, by faint resolves, fair freedom's flame;
Tho' treach'rous gold th' insidiou foe employ'd,
And worth he fear'd, assassin-like destroy'd;
An hour *shall* come, when whether bond or free,
Iberia's countless sons shall all agree:
Each hero's name with grateful tongue to tell,
Who sav'd, or dying, with his country fell!
Should bright success their virtuous efforts crown,
Their *country's glory* is their best renown;
Unfortunate their doom, a meed as dear
To virtuous souls, awaits them,—virtue's tear!
That tear is theirs, nor the sole meed they win,
In other spheres more bright rewards begin.
When all that binds us to our native land,
Is reft by cruel man's unpitying hand;

When all the joys that weary life can charm,
Have fled like summer clouds before the storm;
What better wish can raise the patriot's sigh,
Than on the wreck of all he lov'd to die!
To wake, his fever'd dream of life being o'er,
Where eyes that wept, shall wake to weep no more!
Above his foes, their insults, and their scorn,
His night of sorrow paid with endless morn.
Such charms, such joys, sweet home, belong to thee,
So *strongly* felt, so *weakly* sung by me!
Yet as I sing, tho' feeble be my lay,
May it not rouse some mind's sublimer ray?
Some bard, whose lips are touch'd "with hallow'd fire,"
To nobler strains may strike his sounding lyre!
Whose thoughts may move—whose words divine may burn,
And twine unfading laurels round his urn!
Oh! be it so, enough for me to light
The sun of genius on a path so bright;
Enough for me to *herald* in that sun,
Whose purer rays my weaker muse must shun.

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